

Good Morning 447

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Ron Richards' SHOP TALK



THE moon was shining brightly on an enemy harbour in the Aegean Sea, and behind the defence boom two German ships swung at anchor—tempting meat for a British submarine waiting outside.

Calmly and quietly, but in clear view in the moonlight, the boat crept up to the boom. Then it fired a torpedo through the entrance gap. It hit one of the two ships. There was a spectacular explosion, and fragments of red-hot metal flew into the air.

This was disclosed when the commander of the submarine "Triumph," Lieut. R. Gatehouse, D.S.C., R.N., described the incident.

When he first saw the harbour he was attracted by a German armed coast vessel moored there, he said.

The anchorage was mined, so he waited for two days,



Lieut. Gatehouse of the "Triumph"

hoping the ship would sail. Then a salvage vessel approached the harbour. He started to attack, but was seen by an escort craft and had to dive deep.

"There were now two ships well worth sinking in the harbour," he said, "and they were so anchored that they could be sunk from the entrance."

In the bright moonlight that night he carried out his attack.

Shore guns opened up on us," he said, describing the scene after the coastal ship was hit by his torpedo. "We were close enough for the trajectory of the tracer shells to be absolutely flat."

"Being unaccustomed to being fired at, I ordered 'Dive' and withdrew."

BRITISH submarines, in attacks on enemy shipping in the Mediterranean and Aegean, have sunk another two large supply vessels, two of medium size, 22 small supply ships, and five naval auxiliaries, states an Admiralty communiqué.

In addition seven supply ships, including two of medium size, have been damaged.

Among the successes was the sinking of a large and strongly escorted supply ship, which was bound for Crete with munitions. In the same area

another large supply ship was torpedoed and sunk, and a number of small vessels were destroyed by gunfire.

Naval auxiliaries destroyed by our submarines included a medium-sized salvage vessel, a minesweeper, and a heavily armed vessel believed to be a minelayer.

During these operations submarines successfully bombarded a number of shore targets, including an oil refinery on the Italian coast, a railway goods yard, and a seaplane hangar on the south coast of France, and a radio station in Crete.

The submarines which carried out these successful operations were under the command of Lieut. J. R. Drummond, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N.; Lieut. R. Gatehouse, D.S.C., R.N.; Lieut. W. M. Kett, D.S.C., R.N.R.; Lieut. G. E. Hunt, D.S.C., R.N.; Lieut. M. D. Tattersall, R.N.V.R.; Lieut. J. P. Fyfe, R.N.; Lieut. A. D. Piper, D.S.C., R.N.R.; Lieut. R. Boyd, D.S.C., R.N.; Lieut. P. C. Chapman, D.S.C., R.N. As a colleague remarked—"Whew! What a school!"

REAR-ADMIRAL CLAUDE BARRY, Flag Officer Commanding Submarines, recently said:

In the very near future British submarines will be working in greater numbers in close association with those of the United States against the long and vulnerable sea communications of the hastily constructed Japanese Empire.

We can rest assured that the crews will take full advantage of every opportunity to inflict knock-out blows on the Japanese.

Ron Richards

Glorious Derby (says The "Galloper")—Princes have fought for it—Paupers won it—Here it is

ANYBODY'S RACE

THE Derby is still being run—after nearly five years of war—and still entry is exclusive to the aristocratic race-horse family tree that England has reared.

Paradoxically, when a horse wins, he or she will automatically become worth anything up to £100,000, but its racing days will be practically over.

One includes the female gender because the general belief that only colts may run in the Derby is wrong. There is no such rule; but it has become a habit not to enter fillies.

All the same, the "girls" have shown their paces. In four instances they have won the Derby and the Oaks one after the other.

Eleanor did it in 1801. Bonny Blink did it in 1857. During the war years, when substitute races were run at Newmarket, Fifinella did it there.

The fourth time was the most amazing of all. In 1908 a "small" trainer-owner, Chevalier Ginistrelli, entered an almost unknown filly, Signorinetta, bred and trained by himself. Some people thought it was a joke. Signorinetta started at 100 to 1.

She left all the other Derby horses behind. Two days later she took the Oaks prize, too.

That's the fun of the Derby. There is no horse race, no national carnival, so full of surprises. And it all began with a carouse held at Epsom in 1779.

Before that time there had been a Derby race day instituted by the seventh Earl Derby in the Isle of Man. It was the twelfth Earl whose name was given to the race at Epsom.

THE FIRST DERBY.

He gave a party to some of his sporting friends in his hunting-box near Banstead. Epsom Downs were then known as Banstead Downs. James I had his palace of Nonsuch in the vicinity, and the name of that palace is still commemorated in the Nonsuch Plate.

Well, during the drinking party of the twelfth Earl Derby, one of the guests got to his feet and proposed, in the steadiest voice he could command, that as they had a race called the Oaks, founded in 1779, they should honour their host by establishing another race called the Derby.

Loud applause and acclamation.

The Derby was instituted.

Still, it wasn't the Derby as we know it. It was a sweepstake of fifty guineas each, half forfeit for non-starters; and the horses were to be three-year-old colts and fillies, the colts to carry eight stones weight, the fillies to carry seven stones eleven pounds.

The first race was run in 1780. There were 36 subscribers, and only nine starters. The prize was worth £1,125. It was won by Sir C. Bunbury's horse, Diomed. The winner was sold to America for fifty guineas!

Consider how prices have soared. Felstead, the winner of the 1928 Derby, was valued at £100,000 by America. But Felstead's owner, Sir Cunliffe Owen, refused the sum. And prices are rising.

Four years after the first Derby was run the distance was increased to half a mile. Then new rules were made, the distance increased again. Now the length is one mile, four furlongs, five yards.

The record in speed for that distance is held by the Aga Khan's horse, Mahmoud, the 1936 winner. Mahmoud covered the distance in two minutes and 33 4-5 seconds.

The nearest approach to that record was reached by two gallant horses. Windsor Lad did it in his day in two minutes and 34 seconds. Hyperion did it in exactly the same time. There is a man in an official box who holds a stop-watch and takes the time to the fraction of a second.

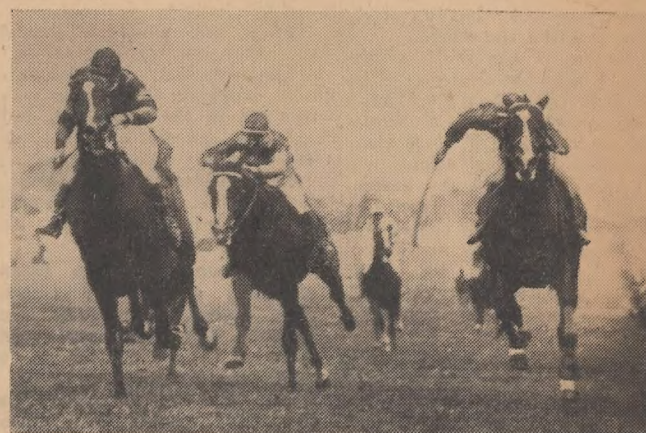
The most wealthy racehorse owners have spent fortunes trying to win the race, and have failed. Unknown, unexpected horses have stepped in and taken the blue ribbon of the Turf time and again.

Lord Astor lavished money on his horses and was disappointed again and again. Tradition doesn't help, either.

Nearly a century had elapsed before the bad luck of Lord Derby's family was broken in 1924 by Sansovino. Nine years later the same owner again led in a winner.

Indian princes have tried—and failed. Then three Derby winners came to them—Windsor Lad, owned by the Maharajah of Rajpipla, Bahram and Mahmoud, owned by the Aga Khan—one after the other.

AN OPEN RACE. Mr. Tom Walls, Mr. Ben



Irish, and Mr. W. Barnett, all "small" owners, have also taken the plum. There is no known rule or method of training that can be relied on to win the Derby.

There is no known weather for it, either. It has been run in a hurricane, when snow fell, in sweltering heat. It has been a runaway victory. Once there was an expensive lawsuit about it. That was in 1844.

In that year the winning horse was Running Rein. But when it had passed the post an objection was laid, the claim being that Running Rein was not a three-year-old. The winner was disqualified. Then followed the most fiercely contested legal case in racing history.

It was proved that Running Rein was a four-year-old horse named Maccabeus. The owner had been a victim of fraud.

Some people said that it had belonged to a Jew, and Baron Rothschild, on being asked later what chance one of his horses had, cried, "They'd never let a Jew win the Derby!"

But that may have been just bitterness, for the truth of the matter is that the only way to win the Derby is to have a horse that is the best of the bunch taking the final swoop to the post. He has got to be a very good horse to be the best.

Nobody can estimate the amount of money that is laid on the Derby. Bookmakers in practically every country in the world do business on the race. Sweepstakes are universal.

Governments may rise or fall, but always the Derby is held.

Royalty goes to it. Paupers go to it. The course is free. You can join the crowds that press against the rails, or you can stand far back on the rolling Downs and see the race fought out.

Thousands go who never register a bet. Indeed, betting in big sums is a thing of the past. But, in the old days, betting was picturesque and in earnest; fortunes changed hands in a few minutes.

THE BIGGEST BET.

Lord George Bentinck was so sure of his horse, Gaper, in the 1843 Derby, that when he strolled into Crockford's Club he announced that he was willing to take three to one.

Seated in a corner was Lord Glasgow, who raised his head and said, "All right; I'll take you. Are you particular about the amount?"

"Any amount you like," replied Lord George confidently. "In that case," said Lord Glasgow, "I'll lay you £90,000 to £30,000."

The horse, Gotherstone won, and Lord George had to pay over the £30,000.

The last Marquis of Hastings, Henry Weysford Charles Plantagenet, said before he died that it was the 1867 Derby that crippled him. He was so sure that the horse, Hermit, had no chance that he laid £100,000 against it being the winner. And it was the winner.

Maybe the most fantastic wager ever made was that by the celebrated bookmaker, Richard Fry. He was known as the Leviathan gambler.

He laid £100 to a cigar on a Derby horse, and then laid another £200 to a match where-with to light the cigar. He lost both, paid cheerfully, and went on to gamble on other trivialities.

But, apart from the betting, and whether you are a racing person or not, there is the thrill of the Derby that is in no other horse race in the world. As a sight it is unique, unmatched anywhere.

Social standing and "class" are forgotten as along the green ribbon of grass between the surging mass of spectators come thundering the heroes of the day—the wonderful horses, trained to a hair, in a living avalanche, straining every nerve and muscle to be the most talked-of animal of the year.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

FAMILY PLANS FOR Leslie (Bob) Kingston

WE found your mother at Beach House, Bob Kingston. The neighbours came out when we thumped the door of 36 Upper High Street, Worthing, and told us where to go.

Your Mother is well, happy and busy, and although she

misses you she keeps smiling and looking forward.

Sister Eileen, by the way, is doing well in the Land Army, and is now living at home.

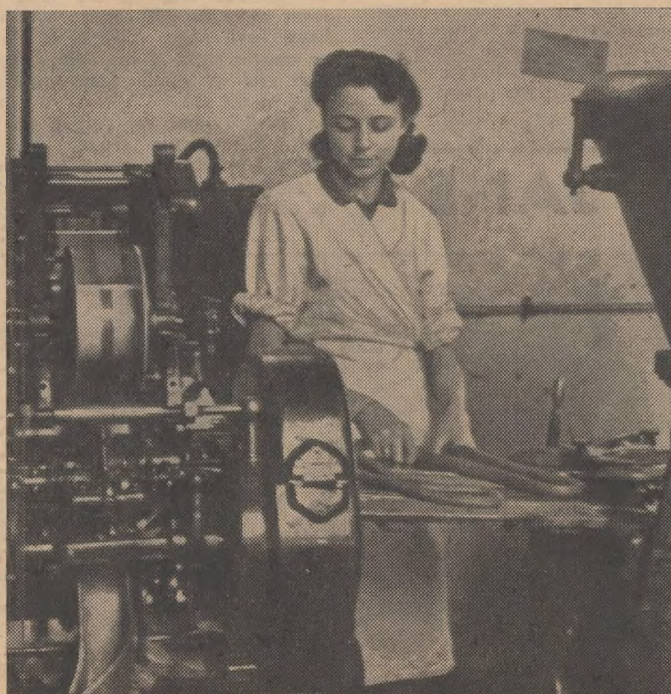
Vera, who is now at Whitehouse's sweet factory, is getting on well and is particularly happy at her war work.

None of the family has been to the Stanhoe recently, but they know the place is as it was, and they are looking forward to your taking them round there for a celebration when you get home. If there's a dance at the Assembly Hall, that could be attended as well, they say.

Granny has been asking after you, by the way, and Pat, her husband, and Robbie send best wishes.

The family gave us conflicting reports about your rank—so we address you simply as Mr. Kingston.

All sign off with fondest wishes.



"VESTED" INTEREST

Part XIII

THE next day the sky was as pure, the atmosphere as motionless. The Victoria rose to a height of 500 feet; but it scarcely moved towards the west.

"We are in the midst of the desert!" said the doctor. "This is the immensity of sand! What a strange spectacle! what a singular freak of Nature! Why is there such excessive vegetation over there, and such extreme barrenness here, under the same latitude, and the same rays of the sun?"

"The why troubles me little," answered Kennedy; "the reason occupies me less than the fact. It is so, that is the important thing."

"A cloud! a real cloud!" cried Joe, whose piercing sight defied all glasses.

In fact, a thick band, now distant, was rising slowly above the horizon; it appeared profound and puffed out; it was a heap of little clouds which kept their first form all the time, from whence the doctor concluded that there existed no current of air in their agglomeration.

The doctor turned on the flame of the apparatus in the spirals of the serpentine; soon the balloon rose under the action of the dilated hydrogen. At about 1,500 feet from the ground it met with the opaque mass of the cloud, and, entering into it, kept at that elevation; but it did not meet with the least breath of wind; the fog seemed even unprovided with humidity, and the objects exposed to its contact were scarcely wet.

The Victoria, enveloped in this vapour, went on a little quicker, but that was all. The doctor was stating with sadness the indifferent result his manoeuvre had had, when he heard Joe cry out in accents of the greatest surprise.

"Good heavens!"

"What is it, Joe?"

"Master. We are not alone here! Someone has stolen our invention!"

"By Saint Patrick!" cried Kennedy, in his turn, "it cannot be! Samuel, Samuel, look!"

"I see," said the doctor, quietly. "Another balloon! Some more travellers like us!" In fact, 200 feet off, a balloon was floating in the air with its car and its travellers; it was following exactly the same route as the Victoria.

"Well," said the doctor, "we must make signals to it, that's all. Take the flag, Dick, and show our colours."

It seemed as if the travellers in the second balloon had had the

same idea at the same moment, for the same flag repeated the identical salute, and a hand waved in the same fashion.

"What does that signify?" asked the hunter.

"They are monkeys," cried Joe, "they are laughing at us."

"That signifies," answered Fergusson, laughing, "that we ourselves are in the other car, and that the balloon is only our Victoria. It is only an effect of mirage, nothing else; a simple optical phenomenon. It is caused by the rarefaction of the air strata, that's all."

But soon the image faded gradually away; the clouds rose higher, abandoning the Victoria, which no longer tried to follow them, and in an hour's time they disappeared.

The wind fell still more. The doctor, in despair, went down nearer the ground. The travellers, whom this incident had aroused, again relapsed into sad silence, overwhelmed by thirst. Towards four p.m. Joe signalled an object on the immense plateau of sand, and he could soon affirm that two palm-trees were to be seen not far off.

At six o'clock the Victoria was sailing above the palm-trees. They were two thin ghosts of trees without foliage, more dead than alive. Fergusson looked at them with horror. At their feet lay some half-decayed stones of a well; but, half-burnt away under the action of the sun's rays, they seemed only to form impalpable dust.

There was not the least trace of humidity. Samuel's heart failed him, and he was going to inform his companions of his fears when their exclamations drew his attention.

As far as the eye could reach stretched a long line of whitening bones; fragments of skeletons surrounded the fountain; a caravan had reached that place, marking its passage by the long line of bones; the feeblest had fallen one by one on the sand; the strongest had reached the much-desired spring to find a horrible death on its brink. The travellers grew pale as they looked at each other.

The Victoria touched the ground. They ran to the well, and went down into it by a flight of steps which had crumbled into dust. It seemed as though the spring had been dried up for years. They dug the dry and friable sand, but did not find a trace of humidity.

Joe brought up the fragments of a leather bottle, which he threw with rage amongst the bones dispersed on the ground. During supper not a word was exchanged between the three travellers; they ate with repugnance. They had not yet endured the torments of thirst, but they despaired of the future.

Five Weeks

in a

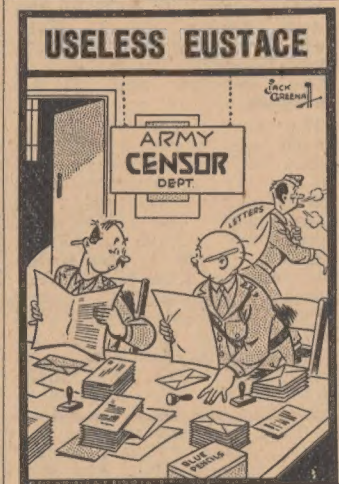
Balloon

By JULES VERNE

The distance accomplished by the Victoria during the preceding day did not exceed ten miles, and, in order to keep it up, they had been obliged to consume 162 cubic feet of gas. On the Saturday morning the doctor gave the signal for departure.

"The apparatus cannot go on more than six hours," said he. "If in these six hours we have discovered neither a well nor a source, God alone knows what will become of us."

During the night nobody watched, but nobody slept. The heat was stifling. The next day there only remained half a pint of water; the doctor put it on one side, and they resolved only to touch it at the last extremity.



"My wife's the same, old man. Trust a woman to nose into other people's affairs!"

What passed during that dreadful night nobody knew. But on the Tuesday morning, at the first burning rays of the sun, the unfortunate men felt their limbs dry up little by little.

When Joe wished to get up he found he could not. He looked round him. In the car the doctor sat, his arms crossed, looking with idiotic fixity at a point in space.

Kennedy was frightful to look at; he was wagging his head from right to left, like a wild beast in a cage. All at once he caught sight of his rifle, the butt end of which passed the edge of the car.

"Ah!" cried he, getting up by a superhuman effort. He threw himself upon the gun like a madman, and put the barrel to his mouth.

"Sir! Mr. Kennedy!" cried Joe, rushing to him.

"Leave me alone! Get away!" cried the Scotchman in agony. The two men struggled for an instant.

"Get away, or I shall kill you," cried Kennedy.

But Joe hung on to him with all his strength; they went on thus for about a minute, without the doctor seeming to notice them; during the struggle the rifle went off suddenly; at the report the doctor rose up like a spectre and looked round him.

But all at once his look grew animated, he stretched out his hand towards the horizon, and in a voice that was hardly human, he cried—

"Look out, yonder!"

There was so much energy in his gesture that Joe and Kennedy separated and looked at him. The plain was moving like a sea in fury during a tempest; waves of sand rolled over each other in the midst of clouds of dust; and immense columns, coming from the S.E., turned with extreme rapidity; the sun disappeared behind an opaque cloud, and made a shadow that stretched as far as the Victoria; the grains of sand glided about with the facility of liquid molecules, and the tide came up little by little. An energetic ray of hope shone in Fergusson's eyes.

THE simoom!" echoed Joe, though he did not understand.

"So much the better!" cried Kennedy, with desperate rage. "So much the better! It will kill us!"

"No, on the contrary, it will save us!" said the doctor, who began rapidly to throw out ballast. At last his companions understood him, and taking their places beside him set to work to help him.

"Now, Joe," said the doctor, "throw out fifty pounds of your ore!"

Joe did not hesitate, though he felt something like a passing regret. The balloon rose.

"It was time!" cried the doctor.

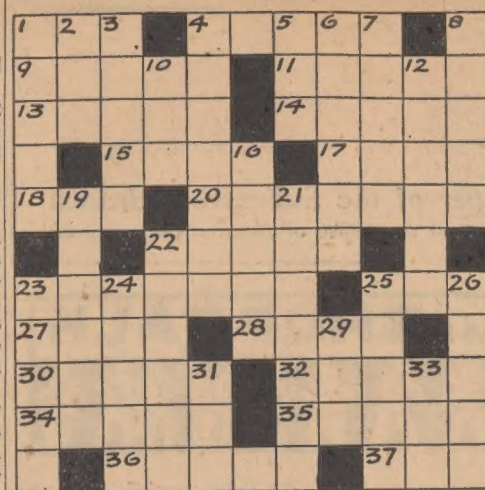
In fact the simoom arrived with lightning rapidity. A little more and the balloon would have been blown to pieces. The immense sand-spout was near it, and covered it with a hail of sand.

"Some more ballast!" cried the doctor to Joe.

"There it goes!" Joe cried, throwing out an enormous fragment of quartz.

The Victoria ascended rapidly above the current of hot air; but, enveloped by the immense displacement of the upper strata, it was borne on with incalculable speed above the dusty sea. Our travellers did not speak; they looked at one another in hope, already refreshed by the wind. At three p.m. the tempest ceased; the sand, as it fell again, formed an innumerable quantity of heaps; the sky again became calm, and the Victoria, motionless once more,

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Spill.
- 4 Kid skin.
- 9 Precious stone.
- 11 Revolving tool.
- 13 Restorative.
- 14 Keen partisan.
- 15 Flowering plant.
- 17 Garment.
- 18 Colour.
- 20 Freedom.
- 22 Jury.
- 23 Globes.
- 25 Essay.
- 27 Large beast.
- 28 Anger.
- 30 Scent.
- 32 Reel.
- 34 Transferred.
- 35 Praise highly.
- 36 Superior ones.
- 37 Portable trough.

ONSET CHIDE
FILT EQUINE
FEIGN REAMS
CLOSED NUT
PETREL HERO
U I I O U R
TABLET GONE
PALLED PAY
SPRAG ITEMS
ILK IGNORE
RESIN TOAST

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Correspond.
- 2 Past.
- 3 Compass.
- 4 Temporal.
- 5 Recede.
- 6 Twaddle.
- 7 Keen.
- 8 Pier.
- 10 Draw.
- 12 Street seller.
- 16 Collier.
- 19 Sports official.
- 21 Else.
- 22 Writers.
- 23 Loose.
- 24 Head coverings.
- 25 Tithe.
- 26 Produce.
- 29 Negligent.
- 31 Furs.
- 33 Soft murmur.

hung above an oasis, covered with green trees rising like an island from the ocean of sand.

"Water! There is water there!" cried the doctor.

He immediately opened the interior valve and let out the hydrogen, descending about 200 steps from the oasis. In four hours the travellers had come a distance of 240 miles. The car was immediately ballasted, and Kennedy, followed by Joe, sprang to the ground.

"Your guns!" called out the doctor, "and be prudent."

Dick seized his rifle, and Joe took one of the guns. They walked rapidly to the trees, and penetrated the fresh verdure which announced abundant springs; they paid no attention to some large footprints which marked the damp ground. All at once they heard a tremendous roar about twenty paces off.

"That's a lion!" said Joe.

"So much the better!" replied the exasperated hunter. "When it's only a question of fighting I don't care."

"Be careful, Mr. Dick! All our lives depend upon yours!"

But Kennedy did not listen to him, he advanced with fiery glances and loaded rifle, terrible in his audacity. An enormous lion, with a black mane, lay under a palm-tree in a posture of attack.

He had scarcely seen the hunter when he made a spring; but he had not touched the ground before he received a bullet in the heart; he fell back dead.

Dick rushed to the well, slipped on the damp steps and buried his face in the water; Joe did the same, and they drank like thirsty animals.

"Take care, Mr. Dick," said Joe, stopping to take breath. "Don't make yourself ill!"

But Dick went on drinking, and did not listen. He plunged his head and hands in the beneficent stream; he was intoxicated.

"Oh, Mr. Fergusson!" cried Joe.

Joe's exclamation recalled Kennedy to himself; he filled a bottle he had brought, and rushed up the steps. But that was his stupefaction at seeing an immense opaque body closing the aperture. Joe, who was following Dick, recoiled with him.

"We are shut in!" "That's impossible! What is—?" But Dick did not finish his sentence; a terrible roar told him with what new enemy he had to deal.

"Another lion!" cried Joe.

"The female! Ah, wait a minute, you brute," cried the hunter, loading his rifle. An instant after he fired, but the animal had disappeared.

"Come along," he cried.

"What are you going to do?" "You'll see."

Joe took off his linen vest, fastened it to the arm, and presented it as a bait at the opening. The furious animal sprang upon it; Kennedy was waiting for it, and planted a bullet into its shoulder. The roaring lion rolled down the steps, overturning Joe. The poor fellow already thought he felt the enormous paws of the animal down upon him, when a second report sounded, and Dr. Fergusson appeared at the opening, gun in hand. Joe got up quickly, stepped over the animal's body, and passed the bottle full of water to his master.

(To be continued)

QUIZ for today

1. A sutor is a lover, tailor, cobbler, sweep, usher, club waiter?
2. How many precious stones can you think of beginning with C?
3. Where are the Horseshoe Falls?
4. What is the difference between an antidote and an anodyne?
5. Give the English traffic lights in order, starting from the top.
6. All the following are real words except one; which is it? Rivate, Rivel, Rivet, Rever, Rivose, Rivage.

Answers to Quiz in No. 446

1. Drink made from honey.
2. Cockle, Winkle, Scallop, Oyster, Clam, Mussel, Ormer, Whelk, Pinna.
3. Two: "Inland" and "Revenue."
4. Sweet consisting of vanilla, ice and fruit.
5. Hitler.
6. Remote.

WANGLING WORDS—386

1. Put storm in TL and buzz off.
2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? *Trafhee gohertot fo kloof a dribs.*
3. In the following four animals the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 3274, 307S4, 725516, P2N6347.
4. Find the hidden meat and vegetable in: "I'll fill my cup or know why, for I can tope as well as you."

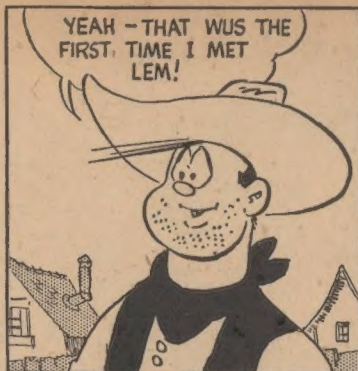
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 385

1. Broth.
2. Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.
3. Birch, Elm, Beech.
4. M-arm-a-lad-e, B-a-con.

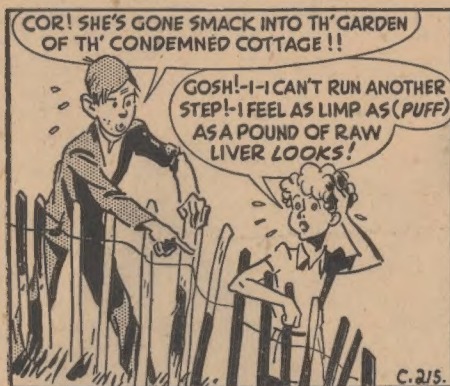
JANE



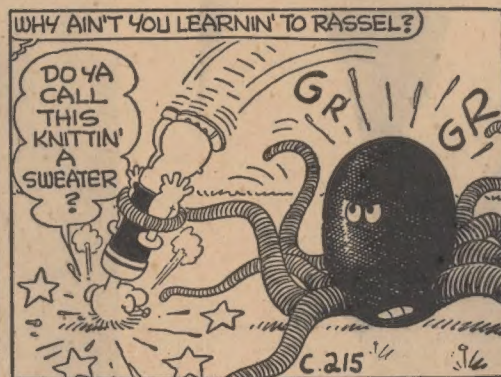
BEELZEBUB JONES



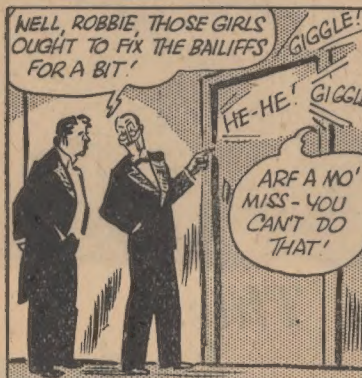
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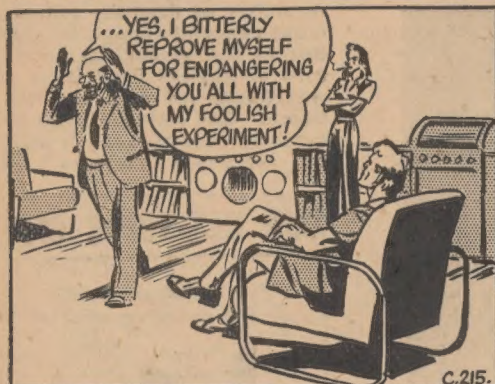
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ARGUE THIS OUT FOR YOURSELVES

WASTED WOMEN?

INTELLIGENT educated women have been given many opportunities during the war of doing highly skilled technical and scientific work. What is going to happen to them when they are no longer needed in their present jobs? What work can they do so that their experience may be used to the best advantage in peacetime? At the moment, apparently, there are no definite schemes for absorbing them into post-war industry.

Julia Herrick.

SUCCESSFUL PLAYS.

NATURALLY, a play by a successful and experienced dramatist has a better chance of acceptance than one by an unknown. The public will always buy branded goods. But all those successful dramatists had to start somewhere. And they didn't begin at the top, as most young playwrights want to do. I don't believe any good plays are languishing because of managerial stupidity. Why should theatre managers wilfully disregard their raw material?

Tom Arnold.

SMALL PARKS.

THERE is talk of more parks, more large open spaces for Londoners. May I make a plea for the provision of a greater number of small, intimate, public gardens in poor and congested neighbourhoods? Their psychological value probably cannot be over-estimated; and there may never again occur such an opportunity as presents itself to-day of obtaining suitable plots. No doubt many a bombed site might be obtained free from the owner.

Ella Bunbury.

CHILDREN'S "HOMES."

SURELY the atmosphere and results of the work carried on for so many years by such "homes" as Barnardo's, Alexandra Orphanage and many others is sufficient answer to the allegations made by some. . . . The training of the children, physically, mentally and morally, is better in the right type of organised "home" than in the majority of homes from which they come.

John T. Keep (Kingsdown Orphanage).

HE IS QUITE SHAW.

WHEN the world has read all my books and learned from them to be reasonable, then there will be an age fit for anybody to grow old in.

George Bernard Shaw.

WOMEN IN WARTIME.

I KNOW girls who spent their time going from luxury entertainment to luxury playground, who are now leading and controlling whole towns and counties in some branch of civil defence. I have met women who before the war found the running of one tiny semi-detached villa a whole-time job, who now give two hours a day to their housekeeping and the rest to being an indispensable member of a town's war effort. I find women who were once mousy, meek and sat on, giving commands, planning, arranging, and overseeing the lives of hundreds.

Barbara Cartland.

ARGUE MORE!

THE more a democracy argues, the more it debates, the more fiercely it canvasses the merits of different policies, the better. It is a sluggish, apathetic democracy that I think dangerous, because it is already halfway on the road to Fascism. It is no answer to this for men to be sceptical about politicians and say that the politician will always lead them up the garden path. The remedy is simple, to elect different politicians. But, to do this, you must exercise your right of election.

Dr. C. E. M. Joad.

INDEPENDENCE.

ONE of the great lessons which the gipsies have learnt, and experience teaches the independent man, is the lesson which Socrates so quickly grasped: "How many things there are in the world that I do not want!" The man who does not learn this lesson never can become an adventurer, never can obtain that true abandon which only the despiser of fame, of wealth, and even of comfort, may hope to experience. . . . The vagabond should possess that peace of mind which results from the absence of all desire to be other, or to be thought other, than he is.

Harry Roberts.

PLANNING AND SMOKE.

GRIME and soot make dignified life possible only to those with ample means who enjoy the service of less-fortunate mortals. The servant problem brings home to many formerly insulated from domestic tasks how serious and how soul-destroying is the never-ending battle with grime. We must free ourselves from this incubus, we must save our bodies from this poison, we must save the beauty of our new cities. We must economise our national heritage of fuel. Planners worth the name must consider the smoke nuisance.

G. W. Stead.

Good Morning

M.G.M.'s swim star, Esther Williams, goes down to the sea in strips. Idea is she sheds garments to music, ending up in blush-pink satin lastex swim suit glittering with 2,500 individual hand-sewn baguette rhinestones. O.K., you work it out.

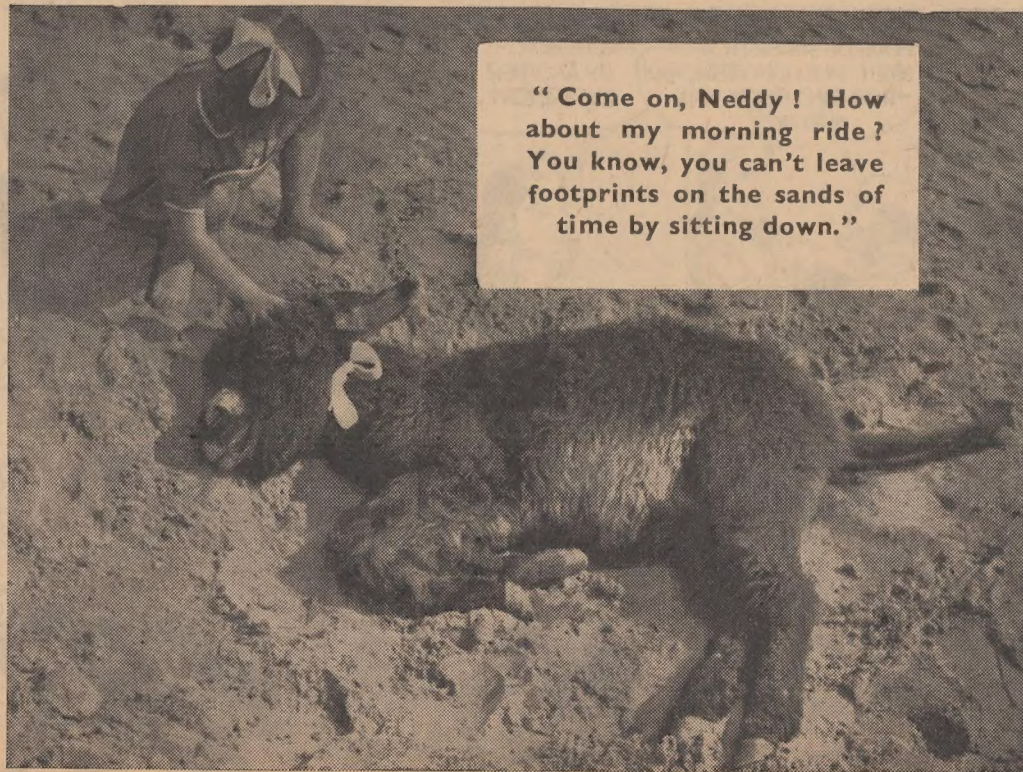


Don't laugh ! He's just as intelligent as any Harbour Master.



This England

Fairfield Church, on the lonely stretches of Romney Marsh, looks peaceful enough to-day. But in the seventeenth century smugglers used it as a warehouse for rum and tobacco. Can only be used in summer now because in winter dykes overflow.



"Come on, Neddy ! How about my morning ride ? You know, you can't leave footprints on the sands of time by sitting down."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I think sit-prints are more comfortable."

